

The Thing That Goes Bump in the Night

Story: The Thing That Goes Bump in the Night

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Summary: Jenna wakes in the night. Hearing something, she decides to see what happened...

***Chapter 1*: The Thing That Goes Bump in the Night**

Hey everyone. Here's a short fic, by yours truly, Midiot. Have at it.

Jenna awoke with a start. She looked around the room anxiously with a feeling of almost paralyzing fear. Something happened. She had heard a noise earlier, but groggily deemed it as nothing. Not this time. She strained to hear over her pounding heart. Slowly, cautiously, she pushed the covers aside and got up. Without making a sound, she picked up her staff propped up against the dresser.

Almost against her will, she made her way down the steps. Halfway down she heard a not-so-far away crunch, and

something quickly shuffled away. If Jenna were ever trapped in ice, she'd already have a good idea of what the temperature and

immobility would be like. She convinced herself that she had to wake her friends and let them know of that... thing, because it might

be after them, or worse, she thought: herself. After what seemed like months, she managed to reach the bottom of the stairway. The

feeling of terror returned; an opened, empty jar and a small, ravaged box lay on the ground around the corner. She took in a deep,

inaudible breath.

She advanced through the dark hallway, slowly peering into rooms. Her head shot up. She had seen something dart past another corridor. Jenna ducked into a room, and pressed herself against the wall. She waited to hear the thing, but no noise sounded. Jenna looked into another room. Crumbs lay all over the floor. While gripping her staff with white knuckles, Jenna proceeded. *Crunch, munch munch*. She stopped again. It sounded as if it were struggling with something. Then a sickening, resounding crack rang throughout the halls. Jenna's stomach churned. She panicked. Flashing images of that monster ripping apart Gareth, or Issac, or Sheba played themselves over and over in her mind.

The Mars adept lay huddled in the corner of the crummy room. She heard it moving closer and closer. Glints of light fell from her eyes. The thing passed the room. She slowly looked down the hall. Nothing was there. Jenna crept down the corridor in the opposite direction. Jenna walked up another flight of stairs to the other bedrooms. Over the sound of rain and distant thunder she could hear it drink something in a large quantity. She shuddered. She figured she had enough distance to do a sort of quiet, fast walking to the nearest bedroom. It was Gareth's. The door was opened about a foot. She opened it, and froze, alarmed, when the door creaked.

She couldn't believe what she saw. The bed was vacant; its covers askew. She shook her head, as tears fell from her eyes. She was too late. The rain and thunder intensified, and she heard a noise behind her. She whirled around, screaming. Lightning clashed behind the monstrous

creature as it towered over Jenna. She cried, not being able to fully face the creature.

"Jenna!" Gareth exclaimed, "What's wrong with a midnight snack!"

Another lame fic, no? Well, I hope it was an okay lame fic. If not, that's okay. Please leave a review. They make me happy.